

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.  
JAMES GORDON BENNETT,  
PROPRIETOR.

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THE HERALD READING ROOMS.

The Herald calls attention to the fact that Messrs. Edward Searles & Co., the general agents of the paper in Germany, have opened the following Herald Reading Rooms in the principal cities in Germany. Each of these Reading Rooms is supplied with the leading American, English and German newspapers.

Berlin.—Reading Room, No. 29, Unter den Eichen.  
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60th YEAR.—SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—Siegfried, 8 P. M.  
CIVIC THEATRE.—The Open Gate and Nurses, 8:15 P. M.  
STANDARD THEATRE.—The Dancer, 8:15 P. M.  
TONY PASTORIS.—Glenlivet Theatre Royal Acrobats, 8 P. M.  
NEW PARK THEATRE.—A Straight Tip, 8:15 P. M.  
PROCTOR'S THEATRE.—Men and Women, 8:15 P. M.  
FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.—Helen Jeans, 8:15 P. M.  
WINDSOR THEATRE.—Masters and Men, 8 P. M.  
BLOU THEATRE.—The Nomad, 8:15 P. M.  
PALMER'S THEATRE.—Tudor, 8:15 P. M.  
STAR THEATRE.—Mr. Potter of Texas, 8 P. M.  
BROADWAY THEATRE.—Gladys, 8:15 P. M.  
UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—County Fair, 8:15 P. M.  
COLUMBIA THEATRE.—Chin Lightning, 8:15 P. M.  
DALY'S THEATRE.—The School for Scandal, 8 P. M.  
AMBERG'S THEATRE.—S'Nulker, 8 P. M.  
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The Two Orphans, 8 P. M.  
HARRISON'S THEATRE.—Kinky, 8:15 P. M.  
NIBLO'S THEATRE.—The Old Homestead, 8 P. M.  
ACADEMY.—The Old Homestead, 8 P. M.  
BERKMAN'S THEATRE.—Herman, 8:15 P. M.  
PROCTOR'S THEATRE.—Men and Women, 8 P. M.  
TAMMAMBOO THEATRE.—The Dancer, 8:15 P. M.  
KOSTER & BIAL'S.—Glenlivet Theatre, 8:15 P. M.  
EDEN MUSE.—Otero, 8 P. M.  
DORIS MUSE.—Hoffman, 8 P. M.  
HUBBARD'S PALACE THEATRE.—Hoffman, 8 P. M.  
WORTH'S MUSE.—Hoffman, 8 P. M.  
CYCLOPEDIA.—Battle of Gettysburg.  
ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—American Water Color Society's Annual Exhibition.  
LENOX LYCEUM.—Schubert Club Concert, 8 P. M.

NONUPLE SHEET.

This paper has the largest circulation in the United States.

Notice is hereby given to the public that no person is authorized to solicit advertisements or subscriptions for this paper and that it employs no agents whatever.

HIGH WATER MARK.

Circulation... 190,500

THE COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY.

Cable messages for all parts of Europe direct received at the company's branch office in the Herald Building, corner of Broadway and Ann street.

The weather to-day in New York and its vicinity (including points within thirty miles of the city) promises to be generally cloudy, with rain and slight temperature changes, followed by colder weather and increase of storminess, especially off the coast, possibly followed by snow. Tomorrow it promises to be partly cloudy and considerably colder, with the advance of a "cold wave," preceded possibly by snow and followed by clearing and fair weather.

SUMMARY OF THE NEWS.

By Commercial Cable the HERALD receives the following:—

Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera "Ivanhoe" was successfully produced in London.

London has ceased to take deep interest in Irish affairs, and

Paris society is mostly enjoying itself at Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo.

Signor Crispien caused a Cabinet crisis in Rome by an indiscreet remark in the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

Three regiments of infantry in Oporto, Portugal, revolted against the government.

Chili advises, via Buenos Ayres, show the insurgents to be gaining upon the government.

Governor Hill has signed the Rapid Transit bill, and it is now a law.

Stocks were phenomenally dull and generally

went. The bank statement showed a very slight decrease in the surplus reserve.

Governor Hill and ex-President Cleveland attended the dinner given by Senator Brown at the Manhattan Club.

A. P. Dunlap, dramatic editor and agent, was fired upon by an angry and intoxicated dentist because he would not hand over \$4 on account of a client's bill.

Michael Byrnes, while at work on the elevated road at Ninth avenue and 145th street, was instantly killed by a passing train.

Nine negroes who had supplanted white miners at Birmingham, Ala., were shot by unknown parties. Four were killed.

Senator Aldrich has agreed not to attempt to call up the Force bill.

Owenby, the witness wanted by the Silver Pool Committee, has been arrested in Chicago and will be taken to Washington.

Never Print a paid advertisement as news matter. Let every advertisement appear as an advertisement—no selling under false colors.—Charles A. Dana's Address to the Wisconsin Editorial Association, Milwaukee, July 24, 1888.

A STORY IS TOLD OF an advertiser who presented himself at the New York HERALD counter with a three thousand dollar roll for an offer for a half column advertisement with a good sized cut accompanying it. The "ad." was refused without even consulting Mr. Howland. There is a standing rule in the HERALD office to never insert advertising cuts.—Exchange.

THE EXPENDITURES FOR PENSIONS for the year ending June 30, as now officially stated, amounted to \$109,357,534. In the previous year we paid \$87,644,779 11, while in the year before that we paid \$80,238,508 77.

The cost of the German army, it may be interesting to note, is for this year estimated at \$91,726,293. Besides our pensions our army costs \$30,000,000.

Harry and Worry.

The average American is a very animal. He has peculiarities which seem to indicate a divergent species of the genus homo; marked characteristics which set him apart from his kind; a hopefulness which renders him venturesome a dash, an audacity and an environment which force him to disregard traditions and conventionalities and make him something of an anomaly.

He is the busiest and most ambitious creature on this planet; is positive in his beliefs and daring in his enterprise; has never learned the meaning of the word "impossible," and is simply angered and roused by difficulties.

His great misfortune is over-credulity. His brain seethes, boils, bubbles. He is impatient, wants the railroad train to travel fifty miles an hour without stopping, drives his horses and himself at top speed, thinks nothing of a million, but aims at a million million, and secures as much of that aggregate as he can, is charmed with lightning because it always "gets there," and with the rolling thunder because it means business. He admires success so much that he doesn't ask any questions as to how it was achieved; is conservative in religion, but would like to have it confine itself to the limits of Sunday and not intrude too familiarly into the affairs of the week.

He is in an everlasting hurry, whistles out his plans for the future while pretending to be asleep in the cradle, and at last jumps out of the world as though he had received a telegram from the Celestial City to come at once.

This mode of life tells on him. His hot brain makes the hair drop and his head after awhile resembles a billiard ball with two fiery sparks for eyes. He disdains a wig because he is so engaged in constant thought that he might get it on wrong end to or in the scurry of business might slip it round until the parting runs from ear to ear. He hates to look ridiculous and so goes bald rather than trust to the possible disasters which false hair entails.

The stimulus which keeps him at high pressure is in the air. The coolest blooded man catches the epidemic of rush and in spite of himself becomes breathless with excitement. A foreigner who was so phlegmatic that he only winked once a day strolled down Broadway, awhile since, looking into the windows. The crowd jostled him. Gradually he caught the infection, became restless and began to hurry. He felt like a race horse on the track and struck a terrific gait. He had nothing to do, was a gentleman of leisure with the whole day before him, but the multitude hypnotized him. He wanted to go somewhere, anywhere, and to get there right off. At last he brought up at the Fulton ferry, was bound to be the first on board, tipped over a poor apple woman's stand but couldn't stop to remedy the mischief, edged his way to the front of the boat, gazed at Brooklyn as Columbus did at the new found land, jumped ashore entirely out of breath and suddenly remembered that he had nothing to do and had been doing it at a breakneck rate.

It was the air, the crowd, the general bustle, eagerness and rivalry which wore him out and sent him to bed for sleep and rest. His blood boiled, his nerves were tingling, he was in a fever.

We get used to that kind of life and don't recognize the fact that we are like a conflagration, that the body is always on fire, with smoke, flames, crackling timbers and a Dakota blizzard inside of us. Then comes dyspepsia, we wonder why, and we are as cross as bears; or rheumatism, and the Lord help everybody who speaks to us; or the gout, when our enforced idleness fills us with a rampant desire to break the furniture; or paralysis or apoplexy, when we drop out of the procession and give younger men a chance to go and do likewise.

What we need in this country is more fun and more physical exercise. Dollars look so big to us that we would jump across the bottomless pit to grab them and run the risk of falling in. We think too much of money and too little of life, keep piling up a surplus and then die before we have a chance to enjoy it, get a craze for cash until at last we care more for it than it is worth.

When we get to be older as a nation we shall have more holidays, more excursions, picnics, sports and leisure. Work is good, but too much of it is doom. We don't laugh enough, take life too seriously, have a keen appetite for enjoyment, but can't afford the time to gratify it.

The best rule, if you want to live long and be happy, is to take all the pleasure you

can as you go along, and even hunt for it if there is none in sight. It is better to be a man than to be a mere money cask, and a thousand times better to spend some of your earnings on yourself than leave it all to your children, who will probably buy a toboggan with it and slide to the devil.

A Senatorial Game of Chess.

Gorman, of Maryland, has suddenly become one of the most conspicuous democrats in the country. When those diabolical Siamese twins, the Force bill and the Closure resolution, started on their passage through the Senate, things looked rather blue. Hoar and Aldrich, who had the measures in charge, are men of tact and determination. They are not only sturdy debaters, but are specially skilled in Parliamentary strategy. The republicans, with the administration behind them, defied the common sense of the country and seemed sure of success. The President, though in the background, pulled the wires and apparently controlled the situation.

It was altogether one of the most serious crises in the history of legislation. On the issue depended, as far as human foresight could discover, the industrial welfare of the whole South. The enactment of the Bayonet bill into law meant certain disaster, possibly a race war, the consequences of which it might be difficult to forecast.

Gorman, who is acquainted with all the resources of finesse, was cool, gentlemanly, unobtrusive and wary. There was no bluster, no threat, no noise. It was a game of chess in which every move on both sides was watched with breathless attention. Gorman quietly remarked "Check!" and the astonished republicans saw that the opposition was playing a very strong game. They made a new move, but were met a second time with the courteous word "Check!" Then they became frantic and in their fury played rather wildly. A third and a fourth time Gorman said "Check!" but never lost his temper, was serene and polite. At last the decisive moment arrived. Some independent republicans, who cared more for country than for party, came round to the democratic side, and then young Wolcott made the decisive move. Gorman looked the pieces over and simply said, "Checkmate, gentlemen."

It was the finest bit of tactics in this generation, and the game was won by pure skill, without the excitement of a single boisterous display. And the country is grateful to Gorman, to his fellow democrats and to the republicans who had luck enough to defy the revenges of Harrison and do their duty.

"Thermidor" and the Theatre Francais.

Life, if not quite identical with strife, grows out of it.

This is as true of the drama as of other things.

"If you glance over the annals of the Comedie Francaise," once said Francisque Sarcey, "you will find them a long record of quarrels and conflicts."

It is a dozen years since M. Sarcey said this, but his words are as pertinent as ever.

The public, the actors, the authors, the administrators of the great theatre have all contributed to its prosperity. And they have done so often less by their harmony than by their discord.

There have been riots in the past at the Theatre Francais far more serious than those provoked by the production of "Thermidor."

Beside the turmoil which prevailed there in the times which Sardon paints in his last play these "Thermidor" disturbances seem trifling. There were hot nights, too, in the thirties, when the Classicists and the Romanticists waged war. And, coming nearer to our own day, we can recall the uproar caused by Sardon's "Daniel Rochat."

The conflicts to which Francisque Sarcey refers have had a host of causes. They have been prompted by religious and by literary passion. They have been due to petty spite and personalities. And—as in the case of Sardon's "Thermidor"—they have been caused by politics.

A moment came (it was in "Thermidor," too), when politics worked so much havoc in the famous company that it was split in twain.

But, like the ideal Republic, the spirit of the Francais—its tradition—is one and indivisible. You cannot kill it.

At this distance from the Rue de Richelieu it is hard to say whether the political tendency of "Thermidor" was really such as to offend sober and sensible republicans. Nor can we tell if the French government (which subsidizes the Francais) did well or foolishly in stopping the play.

But we do know that Paris could not live without "the Comedie," and we are sure that, though they should desert their present home, the artists of the glorious "House of Moliere" are too true to their art, too patriotic, to stray far or long.

Even if they should resign, even if their house were closed, the legend and example of Moliere would live in them. And where they lived would rise a new Theatre Francais.

Trouble Everywhere.

Our cable news from abroad this morning indicates a good deal of restlessness in certain quarters.

The Chilean revolution is in full blast. A government vessel opened fire on the insurgents' war ships, but her guns were soon silenced and she was compelled to surrender. President Balmaceda is in such straits that he has expressed a willingness to come to terms with the rebels, who will probably demand his resignation.

There is trouble also in Portugal. Three regiments of infantry stationed at Oporto are in open revolt and there is fighting in the streets. The citizens are barricading their houses and a small sized reign of terror prevails. It is alleged that the mutineers are tired of a monarchy and want a republic.

There is a serious crisis in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome. Prime Minister Crispien has been humiliated by an adverse vote and announces his determination to resign.

Warsaw is in a state of unusual commotion. The thirteenth of March is the anniversary of the murder of the Czar Alexander, and the nihilists are preparing to strike a decisive blow on that day. The

Russian police have orders to exercise vigilance, and a certain undefined feeling of discomfort prevails.

On the other hand Americans are happy and comfortable, with nothing to disturb their sleep except the ghost of the Force bill, the eccentricities of the Farmers' Alliance, the conspiracy of Reed and McKinley against Blaine's reciprocity project, and the attempts of Sir John Macdonald to keep Canada from joining the Union.

A Great Painter's Death.

Meissonier is dead. The brush of gold has ceased its coining and the brain of the alchemist sets no more. His work on panel and canvas has now attained an even higher value than when the author was living. The master of French genre has passed into history with a reputation like that of Terburg and Teniers the younger, whom in some things he surpassed.

What was the secret by which this magician of the easel turned oil and color into gold? Lead us your ears. His painting was not poetry; it was prose. It was not inspiration; it was work. It was truth of feature, truth of action; truth of light and truth of shade.

He who is dead saw with the eye of an opera lens and stated what he saw with the exactitude of a Claude Lorraine glass. It was the brilliant prose, not the poetry of art; the real, not the ideal.

There have been much greater painters, but none more thorough. His work will be admired as long as it lasts, and his name will live in art history forever.

Prices for Trotters.

The prices realized at last week's sales of Senator Stanford's trotters were not only a disappointment to the seller, but fell below general expectation. The average was notably less than that reached for similar stock a year ago.

This fact has caused no little speculation among those interested in the matter as to whether the result is due to special causes or is to be taken as an indication of a general reaction from the high figures hitherto obtained for this type of horse.

Was this year's consignment of Senator Stanford inferior to that of last season? Has the popularity of the Electioneer and the other Palo Alto blood begun to wane? Or has the trotter started on the decline in popular estimation?

These are questions often asked in the last few days, but not definitely or satisfactorily answered.

It is a well known fact that far more and faster trotters are produced now than ever before, and the production is steadily and rapidly increasing. The increase in the past few years has been simply marvelous. An evening paper of yesterday reports Mr. Robert Bonner as saying:—

I first began to be interested in trotting horses in 1885. At that time there were only nineteen horses eligible to the 2:30 list, and there were not one in the 2:20 list or anywhere near it. During the year 1890, however, there were added to the 2:30 list nearly one thousand horses. This shows the wonderful progress made in recent years in developing speed in trotting horses.

It might be inferred from this that the supply of trotters is nearing, if it has not already reached and passed, a point in excess of the demand. On the other hand it is evident that the trotter has been steadily growing in popularity, and it may be claimed with much force that while better blood and higher speed will be demanded, animals possessing these qualities will continue to command liberal figures.

Only time can answer the questions now arising in many minds. But much light may be thrown on the subject by the results of the spring sales soon to be held.

The Coming of Sarah.

About the time these lines are printed Sarah Bernhardt should be nearing New York. We bid her welcome and we wish her all success. There is but one Sardon and Sarah is his prophesied.

A Severe "Cold Wave" Coming.

The severe "cold wave" which the HERALD yesterday morning predicted would form in the Northwest and would enter this section from the West to-night, is now apparently the coldest anti-cyclone reported in several weeks. The mercury was 20 degrees below zero yesterday in Northern Minnesota. The area of freezing weather may be expected to overrun the Atlantic seaboard as far South as the Carolinas by to-morrow night.

If THE POLITICIANS of Pennsylvania who are blushing for what they call the treachery of Cameron would paint their cheeks with a faint crimson when they mention the name of Quay we might think their indignation had some honesty in it.

They are working themselves into a terrible stew because Cameron voted right on the Bayonet bill. He had better come over to the democracy, where voting according to judgment and conscience is not considered a crime.

COME TO THINK OF IT, there isn't much to complain of in our city government just now.

If Grant would only get rid of Beattie, who depends on the rain to keep our streets clean, we might be reasonably comfortable.

Beattie does about as much work as the fellow who said his vocation was to "smoke glass for eclipses" and complained that business was dull a good deal of the time.

The democrats will assume control of the government in '93. Twenty years from that date they will have become as corrupt as the republicans are to-day, and we shall then turn them out. The doctrine of total depravity holds good with both parties alike.

THE GOVERNOR has signed the Rapid Transit bill. An underground road, four tracks, express trains to run twenty miles an hour, accommodation trains for way travellers—aren't you growing dizzy? We should remark. Hurrah!

FOUR MEN, once after the other, slipped on the same spot on Broadway yesterday and went down into the mud. It is a curious fact that they all expressed their opinions in precisely the same language.

CINCINNATI boasts that it has two of the necessities of life in abundance—music and pork.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

HERALD WEATHER FORECASTS.—The storm depression now covers the country from the East Gulf States to the lakes, with very heavy rains in the Lower Mississippi and Ohio valleys and snow in the lake region. The extended cyclonic system will probably move east-northeast and concentrate somewhat to-day, causing thick weather and a dangerous increase of storminess off the Atlantic coast, near Cape Hatteras and northward to Eastport, Me. The severe "cold wave" predicted in these forecasts is now overlying the Northwest. It will traverse the lakes and probably enter the northwestern part of this section to-night, and be attended to-morrow by freezing temperatures in Pennsylvania and New York. Temperatures fell in the United States yesterday, except from the Gulf northward to the lakes; the chief minimum reported was 20 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, at St. Vincent, Minn.; the chief maximum, 70, at Montgomery, Ala.

IN THIS CITY AND NEIGHBORING DISTRICTS TO-DAY CLOUDY WEATHER WILL PROBABLY PREVAIL, WITH SLIGHT TEMPERATURE CHANGES, RAIN AND FRESH TO BRISK EASTERLY TO SOUTHERLY WINDS, BECOMING SOMEWHAT VARIABLE, AND FOLLOWED BY COOLER CONDITIONS.

In the Middle States to-day cloudy to partly cloudy weather will prevail, with slight temperature changes and rain or snow (more probably rain on the seaboard, and fresh to brisk easterly and southerly winds, followed by clearing and colder weather in the western portions, with the advance of the severe Northwestern cold wave predicted in these forecasts. In New England to-day cloudy, warmer weather will prevail, with rain and snow, and fresh to brisk easterly and southerly winds, attaining dangerous force off the coast, during the night and to-morrow. On Monday in this city and section and in New England much colder, clearing weather will probably prevail, preceded by snow near the lakes and eastward to the coasts, with fresh to brisk westerly and northwesterly winds; and on Tuesday, colder, clear weather in both sections.

IN THE CHORUS.

A YOUNG MAN'S REVERIE IN CHURCH. There are twenty pretty maidens—in the choir; Hear the heaven ascending cadence—sounding higher; List the voices deep and mellow, See that girl in brown and yellow Hurrying with another fellow.

In the choir! Note her smile so sweet and crushing—in the choir; See her face so bright and glowing—Oh, what torture from my station Here amid the congregation To watch all this agitation.

In the choir! No one need be ashamed of an honest opinion. Wrong rights no man, however much it may seem to.

A weakness fully appreciated is already half overcome. Man is of a few days at the best, yet most men industriously labor to make their days fewer.

Secret philanthropy is an art that angels envy and advertising agents despise.

When Worth fashions the garments of righteousness they're not out on the blas—nor in Paris.

The man able to divine all the mysteries of eternity could see around three corners of a brick meeting house.

A DAILY HINT FROM PARIS. (From the European Edition of the Herald.)

The brim of the above stylish hat—which is known as the "Beef Eater," from the resemblance of the crown to the cap worn by the Yeomen of the Guard—is of black felt. The crown is of green velvet, encircled by a band of old gold passementerie and trimmed with black feathers.

Governor David B. Hill, accompanied by his military secretary, Colonel Edmund L. Judson, and Secretary of State Frank Rice, arrived at the Hotel Normandie yesterday afternoon from Albany.

OF LONG STANDING.

The choir sang the anthem As we ventured down the aisle And with the great unseated Waited in single file Until a hard worked usher Usled us with wear and And not until then could we feel That it was good to be there.

REV. PLUNK-PLUNK ON PRIDE. "Pride, dead brethren, am a sin which doan pay, no matter how ya look at it. I know an old negrah once dat was so proud dat he nebath looked at anything but do sky; one day he stepped on a banana skin an' landed on his back so hard an' heavy dat his spine was all shook out o' joint, and now he moves along, wif a stick in each hand, doubled up like a boy in de green apple season, an' spends his time countin' de cracks in de sidewalk."

Senator W. J. McCornell, of Idaho, is at the Hoffman House. Bishop Wingfield, of California, is at the Clarendon. Bishop George W. Peck, of West Virginia, is at the New York.

Ex-Governor Rufus B. Bullock, of Georgia; General Felix Agnau, of Baltimore; Senator Donald McNaughton, of Rochester, and Mr. Lynde Harrison, of New Haven, are at the Fifth Avenue. Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, is at the Windsor. The Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Burlington, Vt., is at the Everett. Senator John Laughlin, of Buffalo, is at the Metropole.

RARE SINCERITY.

"Do you think Brown is really sincere in his religion?" "Undoubtedly. He prays longer in private than he does in public."

SEÑOR PIERRE, the Venezuelan Minister, was received yesterday by President Diaz, of Mexico.

RECOGNIZED HER NAME.

"She is awfully conscious." "Why do you think so?" "She got as red as fire in church this morning when the curate prayed for grace."

A DEFINITION.

The anthem, as they sing it now, Some people seems to suit; To me it seems more like a row—A musical dispute.

HE WON'T RE-IT. The man who shakes hand with the devil all week And on Sunday just bows to the Lord, Will be on the exterior side, you can bet, When accounts for the last time are scored.

ONE OF THE SYMPTOMS.

"That was the young preacher's first sermon, 'What do you know?'" "By his elaborate argument to prove the existence of the Devil."—Chicago Tribune.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, started yesterday on a six weeks' trip to Denver, where his son, the Rev. Samuel Eliot, resides. He will